

THE DAILY MIRROR, Friday, January 9, 1920.

YOUNG BRIDE'S TRAGIC FATE IN WHIRLPOOL

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One Penny.

PAD FOR PRINCESS MARY: KING AND QUEEN AT MEET



Queen Maud of Norway, who rode from Appleton Hall, talking to Princess Victoria.



Princess Mary holding the pad which was presented to her after the kill.



The King and Queen and Queen Alexandra. The hounds were eager to "worry" her Majesty's muff.



Left to right: Prince Henry, Prince George, Prince Albert and Princess Mary, who joined in the chase.



Crown Prince Olaf arriving with Queen Mary.

There was a gathering of royalty at Sandringham yesterday for the meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds, which was held at Laycock's Field, opposite York Cottage. It will be remembered that the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary motored to a meet of this

pack at Gressenhall Mill last Friday, but the hard frost prevented sport. Yesterday, however, hunting was possible, owing to the thaw, and there was a quick kill on the ridge at West Newton.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

BRIDE'S TRAGIC END IN RAGING TORRENT.

Husband's Dive to Rescue When
Wife Slipped on Rocks.

HONEYMOON DRAMA.

Fatal Accident After Lunch on
Spot Overlooking Waterfall.

The story of the abrupt and tragic end of a honeymoon trip was told yesterday.

Mr. Joseph Douglas Cummings, Food Inspector in the service of the Leeds Corporation, was married on Saturday last to Miss Emma Jane Lambert, who was postmistress at Kirkby Malzeard, near Ripon.

They went to spend their honeymoon in North-West Yorkshire, making Bentham their centre, and on Wednesday morning, they motored to Ingleton. At midday they had lunch on a rock which overhangs the river near Beccles Falls.

Afterwards Mr. Cummings strolled away, leaving his bride seated on the rock.

Hearing a scream he ran back and found that his wife had fallen into the river, which is just now in spate.

The distracted bridegroom, who is a strong swimmer, plunged into the water and succeeded in bringing his wife to the bank.

His call for assistance was answered from a neighbouring farm, but Mrs. Cummings expired in a few minutes from shock.

It is conjectured that the slipped or overbalanced wife, looking into the river, which runs some twenty feet below.

"SAVED INDIA TO EMPIRE."

Officers' Tribute to a Lieutenant and His
Twenty-Four Somersets.

A cadre of the 1st Garrison Battalion Somerset Light Infantry, which was at Lahore and Amritsar during the riots, arrived at Plymouth yesterday.

The arrivals, speaking of the order to open fire on the natives at Amritsar on April 10, contended that this prompt action, followed by General Dyer's measures three days later, averted a rising that would have been more serious than the one at Jallianwala Bagh.

Both actions were thoroughly justifiable, said some of the officers, who added that probably the lieutenant and his twenty-four Somersets saved India to the Empire.

SILENT WOMAN NO. 2.

Wife's Court Tale of "Solid Three Hours' Jaw" After Nine Months' Silence.

"How can I get rid of my husband?" was the startling question put by a woman to the Willesden magistrate yesterday. She had just discovered, she said, that he had "been carrying on" with a woman for two years and a half.

The Magistrate: What does he say about it?

Applicant: Well, we haven't spoken to each other for the past nine months until I found this out last night, and then we jawed for a solid three hours.

The Magistrate: Supposing I ask the missionary to intervene?

Applicant: I want no interference. Even a worm will turn, and I am the worm who has turned at last. If he wanted to take a woman out at nights, what's the matter with me?

The Missionary: Perhaps I could do something?

Applicant: This is not one of your platonic affairs, you know. It is the real thing all right.

The magistrate asked the missionary to see the woman and her husband.

£200,000 FOR TREASURY.

Over £200,000 will be received by the Treasury in death duties from four estates. They are:—
Mr. C. E. Charlesworth, of Knaresborough, left £33,364; death duties, £76,700. Mr. Arthur Hill, of 106, Eaton-square and Upper Walmer, left £204,616; death duties, £48,900. Mr. Arthur Botteller, of Darton-on-the-Wolds, Yorks, left £188,269; death duties, £43,500.
Mr. Alfred Fletcher, Liverpool, left £179,821; death duties, £32,000.

A PINCH OF SUGAR.

The City of London Food Committee give notice that the quantity of sugar for a resident on the established West End right stay, on and after January 15, will be 3oz. instead of 4oz. a week. The balance of the allotment will be available for use in cooking and serving with meals, but the effect of the 25 per cent. reduction in the allotment will be that the average amount of sugar available for a meal will be 3-28oz. instead of 1-7oz.

CLOTHES TO COST 30-40 p.c. MORE.

Thirty or forty per cent. increase in the price of cloth next year was predicted by a director of a clothing firm before the Islington Profit-sharing Committee. State control until June, 1920, was his reason.

CARAVAN ROMANCE.

Preacher Who Toured in an Opera Company and Wrote Novels.

WORKING FOR HIS LIVING

A houseless, soldier-clergyman, who was removed from farm lands with his caravan home by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and is now living in a laundry yard at Cricklewood, told a remarkable story to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

His name is the Rev. Noel Roland, and he served during the war as a private in the London Scottish, being wounded in action in 1918.

"I am on the right side of forty, with bright, penetrating eyes, that shine with invincible optimism."

"I'm sorry I can't ask you into the drawing-room," he said, cheerily, "but at least we're warm, and we are lucky to have a roof over our heads."

"No," he went on, "I am not doing much church work at present, though I shall get back as soon as possible. I have written novels and have my voice trained. I toured with the Carl Rosa Company for a little while."

"As to my literary accomplishments, I hope to publish two books very soon, one dealing with Canada, where I have worked. I have already published a little book of war verses."

"One of my pet theories is that a clergyman should work for his living during the week and preach on Sundays."

WHY COAL IS SHORT.

Output Ample, but Lack of Transport Causes Delay.

The general shortage of household coal throughout the country is becoming acute. London coal wharves are practically depleted, and many are now empty "from hand to mouth," but one London merchant, who has just made a tour of the provinces told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that the plight of Lancashire and parts of Yorkshire was worse.

The explanation of the Coal Controller's Department is that the general shortage is due, not to lack of output, but lack of transport. The wagons available are utterly inadequate.

A London merchant said that "owing to the pooling scheme we have missed fifty journeys in the past month."

SAW THROUGH DISGUISE.

Prince Recognises in Father Christmas as Sergeant He Met in Cardiff.

Father Christmas was present at the Christmas tree entertainment given yesterday to the children of the non-commissioned officers and men of the Welsh Guards. When asked if he was a real Santa Claus, the Prince of Wales, who paid a visit to the barracks, found him out—that is to say, he recognised Father Christmas as a sergeant who was in the guard of honour at Cardiff and shook hands with him.

The Prince handed gifts to the happy young men and each child smiled—like father does—on receiving the present.

There was a tea, a Punch and Judy show and the music of the Welsh Guards band. The children gave three cheers for the Prince, who wished them a happy New Year.

GALE LIFTS 150FT. ROOF.

Thirty Men Injured in Sunderland Ship-yard—Motor Garage Blown Down.

The sudden thaw on Wednesday night was followed yesterday by heavy gales, damage being reported from all over the country.

At Messrs. William Gray's shipyard at Sunderland the roof of the smithy's shed, 150ft. long, was lifted by the wind and dropped on the plasters' shed, which collapsed, killing fifty men, of whom twelve were seriously injured.

"I am a gunner under construction, the falling debris injuring two young women."

A chimney stack blown over at Dunbar demolished a house in which a woman and child were asleep. They were buried under the debris, but were rescued unharmed.

MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, J.P.

At Carnarvon Quarter Sessions yesterday Mrs. Lloyd George took the oath as a magistrate, being the first Welshwoman to be placed on the Commission of Peace under the new Act.

Mrs. Lloyd George took her seat on the Bench during the trial of a youth named Sylvan Davies, who was sentenced to three months for defrauding the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cardiff.

BABY AS COURT "EXHIBIT."

"Where is the baby? Bring it in and let us have a look at it. I should like to see it," said Sir William Treloar at the Guildhall yesterday, when Esther Copping, aged twenty-six, appeared on remand charged with abandoning her five month-old baby in a railway carriage at Liverpool Street.

"We will make the baby an exhibit," said the Clerk. The child was brought in by a nurse, and Sir William, having admired it, said it must be taken out of the union. A further remand was ordered.

"HOLD-UP" CURE.

Measures to Protect Women Clerks in Lonely Post Offices?

SEARCH FOR ARMED MEN.

What steps should be taken to stop the epidemic of "hold-up" robberies at post-offices?

"Penal servitude, and plenty of it, will quickly put a stop to the outbreak of raiding," a high official at Scotland Yard told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

The police "cure" for the recurring "cinema" crimes of which the post-office raid at Camberwell Green is the latest example.

It is not impossible that special measures will be taken in the near future for the protection of women employees in isolated post-offices.

Details of the latest "hold-up" show that shortly before 7 p.m. on Wednesday, just as the postmistress, Mrs. Barrett, and her assistant, Miss Humphreys, were preparing to close the post office, three armed men entered the window.

Mrs. Barrett tackled one of the raiders, but was struck down. The men—one of whom was masked—escaped with about £200 in £1 and 10s. Treasury notes and some pension drafts. While the money was being stolen the two or three customers in the shop were covered with revolvers.

The men wanted are described as follows:

First—5ft. 10in., medium build; dress, dark overcoat, black hand-felt hat, dark tie, white collar; was wearing black mask.

Second—5ft. 8in., stiff build, clean shaven; dress, dark overcoat, dark felt hat.

Third—5ft. 9in., stout build, complexion dark, clean shaven, appearance of an actor; dress, heavy dark overcoat and black velvet hat.



Mrs. Barrett.

HOUNDS AFTER THE QUEEN'S FURS.

Amusing Incidents at Norfolk Meet—Baby's Glove Snatched.

PRINCESS JOINS IN CHASE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SANDRINGHAM, Thursday.

To-day was a royal day with the West Norfolk Foxhounds.

The meet was at Sandringham, and all the members of the Royal Family were present, several taking part in the chase.

The King and Queen, attended by Major Seymour, querry, walked over by the main road.

Prince Olaf, dressed in Norfolk fashion, greeted them with a kiss. The King was a bowler and coat over his head, while the Queen was in a dark blue costume.

The Queen's grey fox and mink were the object of much attention from a number of the hounds, who pranced about in front of her in an alarming manner to the amusement of the King.

One of the hounds jumped up at the Queen and attempted to bite her muff.

Standing close to the Queen was a two-year-old boy, wearing a pair of rabbit-skin gloves, one of which was snatched by another hound, who snatched it back again.

Queen Maud, mounted on a beautiful white horse, came from Appleton Hall; Princess Mary was on a bay, and Prince Henry, Prince Albert and Prince George were also on horseback.

Queen Alexandra, accompanied by Princess Victoria, came by motor from Sandringham.

Hounds broke away from West Newton towards Babingley and round to Congham, and a fox was speedily killed on the ridge at West Newton.

HEARTBROKEN COLONEL.

Suicide Follows on Repeated Disappointments to Get Employment.

A pathetic letter was read at the inquest at Bristol yesterday on Colonel Hugh Westcott, who was found shot at Durhams Down on Wednesday, when a verdict of Suicide whilst insane was returned. The letter ran:

"I had no wish to take this step, but it is feasible to be heartbroken by repeated disappointments to get employment."

"I have reached the limit of my endurance."

BRIGHT "K. OF K." BOY.

Welsh Pit Hand Gains Scholarship and Goes from Mine to University.

A young miner, named Harry Collins, of New Tredegar, South Wales, has been awarded a Lord Kitchener Memorial Scholarship of £150 per annum, tenable for four years at the Cardiff University and Treloar School of Mines.

The Kitchener Memorial Scholarships were founded to give a thorough commercial training to the son of any soldier or sailor, officer or man, over sixteen years of age.

TROUBLE IN RESTAURANT.

Two Men Who Were Suffering from Wounds Admitted to a Hospital.

As a result of an alteration in a small restaurant at Holloway-road, Islington, yesterday, two men—George Watling, aged twenty-eight, an ex-soldier, employed in the restaurant, and James Tirewell, aged sixty-two, believed to be a native of Leeds—are inmates of the Great Northern Hospital.

The former is suffering from a wound on the throat and the latter from a wound on the left side of the head.

The condition of Watling is serious, but Tirewell is expected to be discharged shortly.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Moderate or fresh westerly breezes; local showers. Rather colder.

Mr. Jesse Collings, the veteran land reformer, is ninety today.

Lord Lee of Fareham yesterday became Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries.

"Reds" deported from the United States in the s.s. Bulford are bound for Riga.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is to be asked to stand as Labour candidate for Aberavon.

In her 101s. year, Mrs. Ann Sissons attended an old folks' tea party at Mansfield.

Noted Violinist Dead.—Miss. Maud Powell (Mrs. Godfrey Turner) has died at Pittsburgh.

A live shell was found yesterday in the tank at Hitchin which recently slid from its pedestal.

A rat inspector, to carry out the Rats Order, is to be appointed by Greenwich Borough Council at a salary of £200.

Twelve Times Mayor.—Sir S. Penfold, twelve times Mayor of Folkestone, is to be the first honorary freeman of the borough.

Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson will speak at a meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, on January 17, to celebrate America's "dry" victory.

AIRMEN'S "SPIRIT" OF ADVENTURE.

A D.H.9 machine piloted by Lieut. Parker, with Lieut. Mackintosh as navigator, left Hounslow yesterday morning at 10.30 for Australia, says the Air Ministry.

The airmen were due to reach Lyons later in the day. They had on board a present of Scotch whisky for the Premier of New South Wales from Messrs. Peter Dawson, the distillers.

NO PARK RIFLE RANGES.

A resolution that the London parks should be provided with rifle ranges was withdrawn at a meeting of the Islington Borough Council last night.

One speaker said that as a soldier who had passed through the war he was opposed to the setting up of rifle ranges.

QUICK END TO HIS JOURNEY.

A man who left Stoke yesterday morning and travelled to London without a ticket was arrested, tried and sentenced to one month before midday.

'DEMOBBED' WHITEHALL GIRLS TAKE THE WAR PATH

Talk of Air Trip to Paris to See Premier—Downing Street Visit To-day.

RAILMEN—HOPE; MOULDERS REJECT TERMS

"Demobbed" Whitehall girls are on the warpath. To-day a deputation of War Office women clerks will visit Downing-street to state grievances. At a meeting last night it was suggested that a fund should be raised to send two women by aeroplane to see Premier in Paris.

Railwaymen.—There are signs of hope from the railmen's conference on wages, which adjourned until to-day, when the decision is expected. At the worst no crisis, it is anticipated, will develop immediately.

The ironmoulders have balloted against a return to work by a majority of nearly two to one; and so this disastrous strike, which has lasted nearly four months, is to go on.

INDIGNANT CLERKS DENY THEY ARE "FLAPPERS"

Appeal to Women Electors at the Coming By-Election.

WEEK'S NOTICE PROTEST.

"We cannot afford to be too ladylike just at present. It was all very well before the war, but now we have got to show fight."

The deputation to-day was uttered last night by Miss E. C. Maguire, at meeting of the Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries at Essex Hall, Strand.

"We might send a few plucky people to Downing-street, but why not all the lot?" flings up Downing-street to-morrow," she cried.

Hands shot up all over the hall. In reply to the question, "Who is afraid to go to Downing-street to-morrow?" not a hand was raised.

It was decided to send a deputation at 11 a.m. to-day.

Miss Maguire declared they might even have to go and see the Prime Minister and ask him what he was going to do about women.

She suggested that if a fund could be raised two representatives should be sent by aeroplane to see Lloyd George in Paris.

Resolutions were passed—

Protesting against being discharged at a week's notice, whereas men receive a month.

Demanding that maintenance allowances under the Ministry of Labour scheme of training should be available at once for eligible women.

The meeting was very well attended by clerical workers from the Effects Branch of the War Office who had been demobilised recently or who were under notice to leave within a week.

"INJUSTICE" OF A NAME.

Girls Not Wanted Because of Talk About "Flapper Tea Parties."

Miss Hawley, of the Women's Industrial League, who toyed with a monocle in a very gentlemanly way, said there had been a lot of talk about the War Office "flappers" and "tea parties." "It was," she said, "just one of those terms which 'caught' on and amused the public."

This talk had done a great deal of harm, and now if a demobilised Government girl clerk applied for a post she was told "We have no room for a Government clerk here."

Miss Dorothy Evans, M.A., stated that the majority of those dismissed from the department had received only a week's notice, while they were entitled (according to a Treasury circular) to a week's warning before the week's notice.

They must go to Ashton-under-Lyne, said Miss Maguire, not as representatives of any party, but in order to ensure that those who would not support their cause would stand no chance of being returned to Parliament.

INSISTENCE THAT WON.

Members, said Miss Evans, had offered their rooms to girls who were in the worst plight. Those who did not know where to look for the next day's bread (and there were many of them) were invited to give their names after the meeting, so that the association could see that they did not suffer.

Miss Ironside, a member of the audience, told how she had watched three women being turned down by a Labour Exchange clerk who stated in two cases that the waiting list for training was hopelessly long and in the other case that there were no forms available.

"Yet by insisting that I would stay in the office until a form was produced I secured one, filled it up and was assured that it would be passed through at the earliest possible date."

TWO PROFITEER CATCHERS.

It has been decided by the Bermondsey Pro-teeting Committee to appoint another inspector, who must be a discharged soldier or sailor, in addition to the woman already appointed.

NO IMMEDIATE CRISIS EXPECTED TO DEVELOP.

Railway Leaders Will Try Every Avenue of Peace.

MR. THOMAS' HARD TASK.

After sitting all day yesterday the railwaymen's delegates adjourned without any decision on the wages question until to-day, when, it is said, some verdict one way or the other will be reached.

The delegates as they separated for luncheon appeared to be in the best of humour.

The attitude of the meeting in thoroughly discussing the terms of peace is hopeful. The fact that the main debate on a concrete resolution has not yet been initiated by the delegates indicates that the railwaymen do not contemplate taking any precipitate action.

Ultimately a decision may possibly be arrived at, in view of the attitude of the branches, formally to reject the principle of the present proposals, but not to break off negotiations, the negotiating committee being sent back to the Government to report the rejection and ask for improvements.

THE MEN'S DEMANDS.

A delegate remarked, as he left Unity House: "We are just in the thick of it."

What the Men Want.—The chief demands of the railwaymen are: A higher present minimum for the lower-paid grades; the highest rate in each grade, plus the war wage, to form the basis of the new permanent standard; and that the sliding-scale principle should be abolished altogether.

Another grievance is that new payments are not to be retrospective from August, and that signalmen and other grades are not included.

No Work, Say Moulders.—By a majority of 7,067—nearly two to one—the ironmoulders at Manchester yesterday decided that they would not return to work until the war has lasted ten weeks and thrown 200,000 men out of work.

Terms of the provisional agreement reached last Friday were (besides 5s. advance): Resumption of work by January 19; re-employment of men as soon as possible, and no victimisation.

High prices and profits arising out of coal export prices were discussed by the Miners' Executive in London yesterday when it was decided to postpone the meeting of the miners' association.

Excursions.—Until to-day there was every indication that excursion fares and trains would reappear in the spring if there were no further strikes to throw back railway work was a news agency statement last night. However, inquiries made last night by *The Daily Mirror* in a well-informed quarter do not bear out the excursion fares suggestion.

£6,000,000 FOR TUBES.

Central London Link with L. and S.W. New City and South London Tube.

A six-million expenditure on improvements on London's traffic is, says Sir Albert Stanley, contemplated by the companies over which he presides.

Improvements are:—Central London link with London and South-Western Railway at Shepherd's Bush, providing a boar for West End shoppers; new City and South London tube; Golders Green, Hampstead and Highgate to Clapham Common without change; and Golders Green and Highgate to the City without change.

KNOCKED THROUGH SHOP WINDOW.

While looking in a shop window in High-road, Ilford, yesterday, Mrs. Young, the wife of Captain A. M. Young, was knocked through the glass by an Oxford-street firm's motor-van, which ran on the footpath.

She was taken to hospital suffering from a fractured thigh and other injuries.

The death roll in the Mexican earthquake is 5,000.



Col. Bersey.



Gen. Livingstone.

Miss Violet Douglas Pennant has withdrawn imputations against them and apologized for statements made.

SHOTS FIRED AT AN IRISH KNIGHT.

Attempt to Assassinate Sir Alfred Dobbin at Cork.

SAVED BY BUTTON.

Sir Alfred Dobbin, former High Sheriff of Cork and a well-known merchant, had a narrow escape from death last night, telegrams a Cork correspondent.

While entering the gate of his suburban house an unknown man fired at him with a revolver, but the bullet after passing through his overcoat was stopped by a trouser button.

His assailant escaped, and up to the present has not been traced.

The assailant, who was standing about fifty yards from the residence, fired and fled.

Sir Alfred is chairman of the Cork Employers' Federation and took an active part in the recruiting campaign during the war.

He is best known for the fight he put up against Jim Larkin and the Irish Transport Workers' Union.

MISS PENNANT'S APOLOGY.

Imputations Against Gen. Livingstone and Col. Bersey Withdrawn.

Libel actions by General Livingstone and Colonel Bersey are pending against Miss Violet Douglas-Pennant.

The following letter has been sent by Messrs. Russell-Cooke and Company, who are now acting for Miss Pennant; to Messrs. Simmonds and Simons, who are acting for both the plaintiffs:—

"Miss Douglas-Pennant, who as you are aware has recently consulted us, has instructed us to publish the following facts before the action of September 2, 1919, is heard before the Court of Queen's Bench. When she was in the service of Sir Alfred Dobbin, in 1919, he did so honestly believe in the truth of the statements therein, of which your client complained, and she considered it was her duty in her official capacity to bring the matters referred to in those statements to the notice of the Ministers to whom the letter was written."

"Miss Douglas-Pennant now realises that there is no foundation for any imputations on your client. She therefore withdraws unreservedly all imputations against him and apologises to him for having made the statements reflecting on him which are complained of."

"Further, it is Miss Douglas-Pennant's desire to make this withdrawal and apology as widely known as possible, and she therefore proposes, with your client's approval, to send a copy of this letter to the Press."

REPLY TO MR. CHURCHILL.

Mr. Henderson Says Labour Statesmen Helped to Save the Nation.

Mr. Arthur Henderson, dealing at Widnes last night with Mr. Churchill's declaration that the Labour Party were not competent to govern, said it was merely the assertion of Mr. Churchill's own opinion. There was no evidence to support his claim.

As evidence to refute Mr. Churchill's sweeping assertion, Mr. Henderson pointed out that during the war Labour leaders, without previous Governmental experience, were called upon to assume State responsibilities and had assisted in saving the nation in the hour of its dire need.

MYSTERY KNOCKINGS.

Spiritualists and Police Watching for a "Ghost" in Aberdeen—Bed That Rises.

Crowds yesterday flocked to a house in Gordon-place, Aberdeen, in which, it is stated, remarkable rappings, the heaving of floors, and the lifting of beds and tables have been going on for two days.

The house is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart and a family of four.

At intervals between 1 and 6 a.m. the Urquharts were perplexed by chattering and rumbling voices, and various sounds from different parts of the floors and walls. A bed on which lay an invalid boy nine years of age, was raised from the floor and dropped with a bang.

The police are baffled, and local spiritualists propose holding a seance in the house.

CIGARETTES 1d. MORE FOR 20.

Tobacconists were yesterday charging an extra 1d. per packet of twenty for some of the better-class cigarettes; the employees of the Imperial Tobacco Company last night demanded minimum rates for skilled trades ranging from 25s. to £2 10s.

TRAGIC END TO RABBIT SHOOT.

A verdict of accidental death was returned at an inquest on Mr. Henry Woolf, of Peeter's Bar, London, who, while on a visit to Northcliffe Hall, Styal, Cheshire, the home of Colonel Gregg, was accidentally shot in the back while out rabbit shooting, and died after an operation.

PREACHING SERMONS THAT MISFIRE. TELLING CONGREGATIONS TO GO TO CHURCH.

By A LAYMAN.

Our contributor asks why clergymen exhort the most regular churchgoers to go to church.

A GAIN and again recently I have heard from the pulpit sermons good and bad upon the evils of not going to church. The preachers have been parsons of all types. One of the chief offenders is a young ex-Army chaplain full of energy and modern ideas.

Now, where lies the sense in "strafing" a congregation for not doing what it does. The people who hear these sermons are those who do go to church. Why scold them?

I have come across two particularly bad examples lately, one in a tiny rural parish in the Midlands, one in a crowded provincial church.

The country church is badly attended and its small congregation is generally composed of the same people Sunday after Sunday. And Sunday after Sunday this handful of faithful folk have inflicted upon them from the pulpit really earnest and sincere discourses upon the iniquities of neglecting church-going.

One result of this has been to drive away at least two of the congregation to a neighbouring parish church. In the other case the offender was a visiting parson. He was preaching to a church so full that chairs had to be placed in the aisles. He told the thronged building how evil folk were to stay away from worship, and deplored the fact that our churches were so empty.

POPULAR THEORY OPPOSED.

I happened to know the rector of that church. He heard the sermon and looked peculiarly miserable through it all. His chief trouble is to find room for his congregation, and he has told me that never in his life has he exhorted people to go to church.

His policy is to put life into his parish, to interest everybody possible in the work of the church, and he finds as a result men and women who have neglected church-going for years come steadily back and become regular attendants.

One popular theory that he strongly opposes is the idea that church is only a Sunday institution. He recognises that Sunday, being a day when most people are not at work, is obviously the day when most people can attend church. But he holds services every day in the week for those that care to attend.

It would be good for the Church if all its rectors, vicars and curates worked on this principle; the idea of driving people into Sunday church-going is a most lamentable one. It makes of the Church service an unpleasant duty, a bore, something to be avoided whenever possible. And that is the direct opposite of the ideal.

NOT THE WAY TO SUCCESS.

We have the most illustrative example of the evils of enforced church-going in the men and women of forty and fifty years old to-day. They were brought up at a period when to go to church on Sunday was "the thing." Everybody went to church; there was nothing much else to do on a Sunday in the 'seventies and 'eighties of the last century. And the children were forced to go, too.

There are many people to-day who have never forgotten that persecution of their childhood. Church to them still means a gloomy penance connected with uncomfortable clothing and meaningless functions. It was when they grew up to the age of independence that the churches were at their emptiest.

To-day, as most parsons will tell you, church-going is increasing. Most churches are by no means empty. But if this growing tendency to preach the doctrine of "come to church on Sunday or you are a wicked sinner" be not checked the Church will assuredly sink back again.

The most successful padres will admit that the people who come to church merely because they are forced to do so would generally be far better away.

The secret of filling a church, they tell you, is to hold interesting and comprehensible services, to put full meaning and feeling into the Liturgy and to make their parishioners help in all the activities of the parish.

There is no need to turn our churches into cinema halls; that might attract the cinema-going crowd, but it would not do them or the Church much good.

Now will the preaching to those who do go to church the evils of those who do not help to solve any of the hundreds of difficulties that beset the parish priest to-day.

WOMEN ARE EXCELLENT JUDGES OF CARS

HOW SHE WILL "MAKE" THE LIGHT MACHINE.

By CAPT. P. A. BARRON.

“MEN know much more about the mechanism of cars than women, as a general rule, but in the important matter of purchasing the judgment of women is often sounder.”

This remark was made recently by the manager of a West End motor-car agency, and it was so surprising that the writer asked for further information.

“The fact is,” said the manager, “that a man can generally be bluffed by gadgets. The more he knows about cars, or at any rate the more technical papers and handbooks he reads, the more likely is he to be attracted by some novel and ingenious feature.

“He will study a new valve operating mechanism or a novel lubricating system with passionate interest, and will often buy a car simply because it has points that he can discuss with his motoring friends.

“He loves to talk about the perfect atomisation of fuel, power curves, and ignition systems.

“I believe any car could be sold to-day if the engine were placed upside down, or if the gear-box had one forward and three reverse speeds, simply because it would give the man who owned it the opportunity of showing his knowledge of motor-cars by bragging about its freakish gadgets.”

“But when a woman selects a car she is not in the least impressed by its mechanical complexities. She does, however, know exactly what she wants.

“She would not set out to buy a light car with a coupe body for town driving and return home after placing an order for a racing

car because it had such fascinating adjustable tappets. Generally speaking, she does not care a rap about tappets, but she does want to know how many miles a car will run on a gallon of petrol, how much new tyres will cost, and how the price of the car she fancies compares with the sums asked for similar cars of other makes.

“She is to some extent influenced by attractive finish and good upholstery, but not more than men. The running costs are what she thinks about more than anything else.

“It is principally for this reason that the modern light cars appeal to women so much to-day. It is not merely because they are cheap by present day standards, but because they cost very little to run.

“The prices range from about £275 to £500, and they will travel from thirty to over forty miles on a gallon of petrol.

“The comparatively high-powered, cheap American cars that require about twice as much petrol do not appeal to women nearly so much as the light British car of about ten horse-power.

“The housewife instincts that have been developed enormously during the last few years of high prices make women very sound judges on these points.

“Women will make the economical light car, which is cheap although it is fitted with the electric self-starter that they love, the motor-vehicle of the future.

“Those who have favoured sidecars because they are the cheapest to run of all passenger machines are very much interested this year in the new three-wheeled cyclocars, which are practically small cars with only one rear wheel. They cost a very great deal less than some of the more expensive sidecars.

“A new four-wheeled, two-seated miniature car that is to be put on the market in a few weeks at £100 is also arousing much interest amongst women drivers.”



FULHAM FAVOURITES.—Four popular members of the Fulham team who are in training at Brighton. Left to right: McIntyre, Reynolds, Charlton and Torrance.

CHILDREN AND THE FEAR OF ANIMALS.

A PLAN FOR CURING 'NERVES' IN EARLY DAYS.

By J. C. BRISTOW-NOBLE.

TO many it may sound rather ridiculous to preach that to bring up children, and particularly girls, not to fear animals, is of importance. But give the idea a few serious thoughts, and you must confess that there is something in it.

As a matter of fact there is much in it. It was an elderly lady who first pointed out the importance of the subject to me.

“I am,” she said, “one of those fortunate individuals who can do much as they like even with the worse-tempered animals. None have any terrors for me. There is no secret or mystery about it. It is just a matter of balance and nerves.

“When a child I would run screaming from the most harmless insects. I was all nerves. As I began to grow up I saw how ridiculous and serious this was, and felt if I did not cure myself I should be a wreck physically and mentally by the time I was middle-aged.

“So I began the uphill task of trying to cure myself, and in time I achieved my object. I broke myself of being a highly-strung, nervous girl, and made myself healthy and strong chiefly by learning not to fear and to rule animals, and it is my opinion that every neurotic might cure herself in the same way.

“People of weak nervous systems,” my elderly lady went on, “are invariably born so; there are few who cannot be cured if I proceed by degrees.”

taken in hand in time, and the time is when they are children. A nervy or neurotic child can be detected at a comparatively early age, and, as soon as detected, steps should be taken to begin to destroy the disease by encouraging concentration, determination and confidence, and in my experience this can best be done with the help of animals and insects.

“There are many insects children fear greatly. Wasps and bees, for instance, are two; yet really neither are to be feared. Both will allow you to do as you like with them provided you handle them properly.

“You may have watched the experienced beekeeper picking handfuls of bees out of his hives without being stung and regarded him as possessing some mysterious power.

“There is, however, no mystery about it. It is merely that the man has an abundance of self-control, great confidence and the strength of will to concentrate.

“He is one of those persons of whom we speak as possessing cast-iron nerves. Were he to allow his thoughts to wander and pick up some of the bees at all carelessly or for a moment become flurried, he might be badly stung. But these two mistakes he never makes because by schooling himself in self-control and concentration he has built up a nervous system of remarkable strength.

“Of course, when teaching concentration and self-control with the aid of insects and animals, one must proceed with caution or more harm than good may be done. A good plan is to begin with interesting animal and insect stories, getting the children first to handle insects that cannot hurt them and then

LEAP YEAR LETTERS.

THE MODERN GIRL'S INDIFFERENCE TO HER PRESENT PRIVILEGE.

MANY LEAP YEARS.

WE have had many Leap Years before this one, and I have never noticed that they made any difference whatever.

Women don't want to propose. Or else those women who do want to, do so anyhow, with or without Leap Year.

W. P.

THEY DON'T NEED IT!

LEAP Year was all right for Mr. Haselden's Victorian maiden with her “Yes, papa,” and “No, mamma.”

We modern girls don't need it.

We know how to come to an understanding with the right man without this nonsense of proposal.

N. P. L.

SHE LOOKS AFTER HERSELF.

IF a modern girl waited for a chaperon to take her to a dance she might wait for ever, and a girl can generally be trusted to look after herself. She would not be a modern girl if she could not.

Men like to flatter themselves. But a girl generally goes to a dance for her own pleasure, not to “catch” a husband.

THE UNCHAPERONED.

DIVORCE FOR CHILDLESSNESS?

THE proposal in Italy to divorce women for childlessness is indeed a barbarous and foolish one, as “W. M.” says.

Why do proposed marriage laws always aim nowadays at raising the birth-rate?

Surely the terrible war and its after-effects have shown the world's great need to be that people should not have more children than they can themselves provide for.

SMALL FAMILIES.

WAGES AND COST OF LIVING.

COULD our statisticians give us a daily “value of exchange rate,” which would indicate the cost of living, and could be used as a standard for fixing wages?

It would be analogous to the bank rate, which gives the pulse of finance—the rate I suggest would give the pulse of commerce.

A norm would have to be fixed, and it could be worked in this way.

Take, for example, the pre-war £1—and suppose we fix its present value at £2.

We should then reasonably expect to pay £2 where we paid £1 before the war, and a man whose wage in 1915 was £3 per week, could now expect and demand £6 per week—no more or less.

Thus the “new poor” would stand a chance of fair treatment, and many of the “new rich” would have to show reason for their demands.

NEW VALUE RATE.

UNDERGROUND HUSTLE.

I NOTE with pleasure that an attempt to quicken up the traffic of our electric railways has commenced with the installation of a siren at Victoria with the object of hurrying the public on and off the trains.

So far so good.

But they ought to go further.

The booking offices are arranged with one side “In” and one side “Out.”

Now, every coach has, or should have, at least two doors. I suggest that one door be “In” and the other “Out.” By this means those leaving the train will not have their way impeded by those about to board it.

At any rate, it won't be such a scrum!

Cheapside, E.C. 2.

CITY MAN.

CIRCULARS.

“H. J.” is hopelessly prejudiced in what he says about advertisement brochures.

Personally I have been struck recently by the artistic skill that is now being put into advertisement booklets, alike in the reading matter, the illustrations and the general make-up.

Such booklets are inevitable in the business world of to-day, and I think it is a healthy and hopeful sign that so much care is being taken in getting up these booklets in place of the patent medicine type of brochure we used to get pushed through our letter-boxes years ago.

W. C. 2.

WHEN FORTUNE SMILES.

Fortune smiles, ery holday!
Dimples on her cheeks do dwell,
Fortune frowns, cry well-day!
Her love is heaven, her hate is hell.
Since heaven is hell, and hell is heaven,
Twas when her eyes do dwell,
Since heaven and hell her power obey,
When she smiles ery holday!

Holday with joy we cry,
And bend, and bend, and merrily
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity.

DECKER (1600).

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 8.—There is now much attractive colour in a carefully planted country garden. How beautiful are the noble evergreens at this season—yews, holmies and a host of conifers. By the paths, where the red and yellow shoots of the willow and birches are in flower, there gleams the red-stemmed dogwood (cornus alba).

Then there is the plantation of silver birches, and hard by rise the white canes of rubus biflorus. Large bushes of the Alpine rose produce a pretty effect now, for their shoots are ruddy. Since this rose blossoms before June, it is well worth cultivating.

E. F. T.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1920.

"MAKING PEACE."

WE suppose and hope that we are drifting towards peace. Peace in Paris to-morrow—perhaps. Perhaps also industrial peace, or another truce, at home.

Ignorance is the main obstacle—at home, ignorance, in one class, of another's needs, economic ignorance regarding "more money" as the one thing needed; abroad, vast ignorance amongst the experts as to the needs of every nation but their own, and consequent determination to "do down" every nation but their own, with no thought of Europe as one. . . . Meanwhile, predominating, as camouflage or paraphernalia, great-trial-of-the-Kaiser questions and such things—called "momentous questions," because their settlement, one way or the other, makes not the smallest atom of difference to the future of Europe and the world.

However. . . . It may be that when this famous Kaiser's head problem is out of the way, the great ones may possibly consider such minor matters as the collapse of credit, the starvation of millions of people, the food supply of the world, the case of the whole East, the state of Russia and a few more.

Let us wish them a sense of proportion, an instinct for relative values before they start "making peace" (as they call it) again!

HOME EDUCATION.

THE long Christmas holidays have suggested a new idea to many parents. It is that boys and girls should be provided with something "really useful" to do or to learn while they are at home.

In other words: "Let us get to work and educate our children."

But what about the Public Schools—and others?

That is just it. Parents dare not and do not attack these ornamental institutions which teach boys how not to learn Latin and Greek; how to be gentlemen; how to be men amongst men. There it seems to stop. Such things—mere trifles!—as how to write an intelligible letter, how to understand the modern Europe of which these young people will form a part, how to speak or read the modern languages of which certain statesmen are so eminently ignorant—no, these things are not education; boys don't learn them.

Therefore, just as the Scout movement went beyond or behind the ordinary official education, and began to teach boys what they were keen to know, so the effort to occupy holidays means that parents are quietly trying to bring into the word "education," something boys may be glad to know, later on.

The great schools, impregnable, may then go on, in term time, allotting Latin lines, promoting paradigms, gerund-grindings, and, in general, helping youth to acquisitions that make gentlemen; but turn out to be rather empty when a crisis comes along, and the boy finds himself in the French trenches, or a prisoner in Germany.

Home education may thus quietly reinforce—or undermine—the other or official education—and publicly recognised variety which professes to "train the mind" by leaving it a perfect blank.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The great miracle of friendship and its infinite wonder and beauty may be denied us; and yet we may believe in it. To believe that it is possible is enough, even though in its superbest form it has never come to us. To possess it is to have one of the world's sweetest gifts.—H. Black.



Princess Sapeieha, wife of the Polish Minister, has left London for a short stay in Poland.

Mrs. E. R. Widnell, wife of Mr. E. R. Widnell, of the Seaforth Highlanders.

THE PRINCE DRIVES.

Will China Go To Pieces?—Wild Animal Visitors to London.

I SAW THE PRINCE OF WALES the other day in his new car. It is a latest-model Rolls-Royce of surpassing beauty. I am told that sometimes in the country the Prince takes the

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Addison Houses.

Dr. Addison has had a conference with the small builders of the country, to whom he explained the regulations for paying £150 subsidy on approved houses built this year. It is understood the builders were satisfied on the whole with the explanations given.

Banking.

How our ex-Ministers go in for banking! After Mr. McKenna, Sir C. E. Hobhouse. This latter politician is chairman of the new company which is taking over the Commercial Bank of London.

The Wreck Election.

I saw the Prince of Wales the other day in his new car. It is a latest-model Rolls-Royce of surpassing beauty. I am told that sometimes in the country the Prince takes the

Patriotic Dance.

Lady Sydenham tells me that tickets are going excellently for the British Women's Patriotic League Dance on January 19. Lady Swaythling, who has just returned from the States, is to be at the dance, with a large party. She "godmothered" the American troops during the war, and gave delightful parties for them at her lovely Kensington Court home and down at Townsend.

"Not Speaking."

Mrs. Hudson Lyall has just told me that she, too, is one of the dance patronesses, and thoroughly believes in the need of supporting patriotic education. She is well known for her work on the Fulham Borough Council, and is one of the two distinguished women to serve on the Central Profiteering Committee. It amused me to hear that she "wasn't speaking" last year, yet found time to address 150 meetings!

Directors' Dance.

At the Army and Navy Stores ball at the Albert Hall a friend saw Major the Hon. Francis Grosvenor dancing with vigour and apparent enjoyment. The last time we saw the Major treading a measure was in a chateau near Brussels just after the armistice. He was then serving with the 2nd Canadian Division.

Drawings.

The Pencil Society has revived again; and its first exhibition since war broke out opens to-day at Derry and Toni's Galleries in Kensington. I think most visitors will be impressed with Mr. Frank Brangwyn's great cartoon for "The Crucifixion" and Mr. J. A. Shepherd's characteristic drawings of birds and animals. There are many other notable examples, in pencil and chalk, of the work of leading draughtsmen.

Wild Life in London.

A friend tells me that while he was playing golf on Tooting Common early one morning this week he saw a large hare run across in the direction of Tooting Bec. It came so close that he threw a club at it. Recently, too, a fox was seen near Hampstead Heath, if report lieth not. We do not often see these country visitors so close to bricks and mortar.

The Lady Captain.

I caught a glimpse of Miss Vera Bloom lurching at a famous Fleet-street hostelry the other day. Representing a syndicate of American newspapers, this lady was the only woman correspondent to enter Fiume. The dashing D'Annunzio was moved to compliment her with a captain's commission.

New Plays.

The secretary of the Incorporated Stage Society tells me that the programme of the society's next production will consist of two plays by the same author—Mr. Wilson Disher. They will be respectively a fantasy in one act called "There Remains a Gesture," and a three-act comedy, "Joan of Memories."

New Bernstein Play.

We are to see a Bernstein play new to London ere long. This dramatist is well known in England by his plays "The Thief" and "The Attack," produced by Sir George Alexander, and "Samson," which Mr. Arthur Bourchier did at the Garrick. The new piece is "Le Secret," and the French Players will present it at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on Sunday week. I am told that the piece created a sensation in Paris when it was produced in 1913.

The Heroine.

The leading lady will be Mlle. Juliette Mylo, whom you see here. For some time of the Palais Royal, Mlle. Mylo is so conversant with our island tongue that she has written articles for English newspapers and playlets in English. "Le Secret" will, of course, be played in French.

THE RAMBLER.



THE MODERN MAIDEN AND HER WAYS.—No. 5.



She will not be definite about her meals, and, in these days of food strictness, it is a little awkward for her mother to have to order a meal for one and then to be faced by five or six hungry young men as unexpected guests. (By W. K. Haselden)

steering wheel. Of course, he does not drive in town, though I dare say he would like to.

The Peace Conference.

The criticisms of the size of the British delegation to the new Peace Conference seem overdone. Forty or fifty people are not too many for a gathering which has to deal with the Turkish peace, the Hungarian settlement, the Adriatic, the trial of the Kaiser and many other matters.

A Century Ago.

Even so, it is permissible to recall that the entire British delegation to the Congress of Vienna a century ago was accommodated in one unpretentious villa. Life was much less complex in those distant days, and the "experts" were far fewer.

Statesman Haunted.

Birchington, the little seaside town in Thanet, appears to be a paradise for politicians. A friend, writing from there, tells me that she saw Sir Edward Carson and Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., walking along by the cliffs the other morning. Mr. Robert Smillie has also a bungalow at Birchington just now.

Promises of Support.

In reply to the ballot which Mr. Bottomley is conducting throughout the constituency over 5,000 letters had been received by yesterday morning promising Mr. Palmer support.

Hoover's Straight Tip.

I wonder if Mr. Hoover's warning that the United States is not going to help the Allied Governments out of their financial mess will bring up spendthrift Ministers with a round turn. I wonder still more whether Continental labour will heed his advice.

Two Republics in China?

I hear that there is a very strong possibility of the Chinese Republic splitting and forming separate northern and southern independent States. It sounds as though such a break would greatly upset Far Eastern affairs, but Japan is understood to regard the proposal with some approval. The gulf which divides the Canton politicians from those in Peking has long been notorious.

ANSWERING THE CALL OF THE EAST

ATTRACTIVE HATS—



A scene at Southampton, which is typical to-day. The war has sent officers to all quarters of the Empire and given them a wider range of opportunity than they have hitherto enjoyed. Large numbers are now returning, with their wives and families, to civil employment in India and the East.



A most becoming toque fashioned of golden-brown straw. A filmy trimming contrives to soften the effect with its delicate tracery.



WENT ALL THROUGH IT.—The remnant of the first battalion 7th Royal Warwickshire Regiment on their return to Coventry. The regiment went into camp on August Bank Holiday, 1914, was recalled, and sent direct to France to stem the German invasion. The officers are Colonel Hall (left) and Major Jones.



Rev. L. E. W. Foote, who is celebrating his jubilee as vicar of St. Peter's, Harrogate, in which no takes an active interest.



Mr. Ambrose J. Small, a Toronto theatrical controller, who is missing after disposing of his interests. Foot plays a part.



At St. Moritz, Switzerland, of progression to the ski leave their e



HUNTING BAN.—There is strife between the Hailsham Farmers and the Farmers' Union. The latter have refused permission to hunt over their land until the huntsman vacates a cottage purchased by one of its members.



IN "PETER PAN."—Miss Vesta-Sylvia, a clever child actress who is taking the part of Michael in "Peter Pan" at the New Theatre.



TRAINING FOR THE CUP TIE.—Pompey (Portsmouth) training for their match with Bradford at Fratton Park. From left to right the players are Probert, Buddery and Turner.



BLIND LIBRARIAN.—Dr. Lloyd Johnstone, who has conquered the loss of his sight sufficiently to undertake the work of librarian to the Braille Library at the National Institute.



A GORGEOUS C
Beer is executed

THE DAY

OF NEW DESIGN

FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA



A novel effect obtained by introducing flowers of velvet and silk. A massed trimming with these materials surrounds a close-fitting hat.



Manning the lifeboat to save the Dutch ketch Zanita, which stranded on the Pole Sands when bound for Exmouth from Antwerp. Though the ship was leaking, the lifeboat towed her into dock.



Mr. John Robertson, M.P., is interested in the question of nationalising our coal mines. He was a member for 10 years.



Mr. C. H. Wykes, secretary to the Press Bureau of the League of Nations, who has died after a short illness.

9/168
ast have devised a mode
ill both be speedy and
the day's sport.



The gallant little lifeboat towing the rescued ketch while the ship's crew work the pumps. The vessel suffered considerably in the heavy seas, and it required strenuous efforts to keep pace with the incoming water. Our lifeboatmen find this season of the year especially productive of calls for assistance of unfortunate mariners.



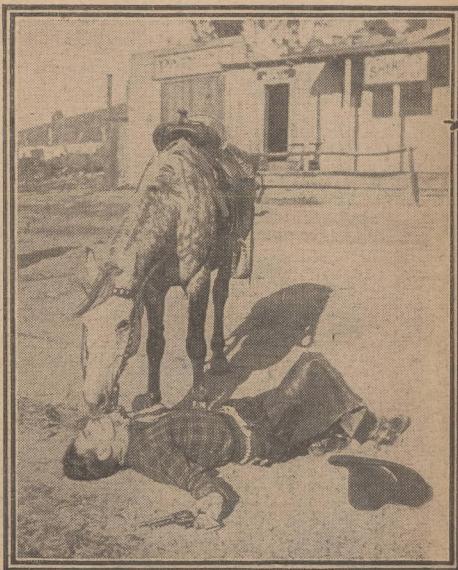
ANOTHER POST OFFICE "HOLD-UP" — The post office at Camberwell New-road, which was the scene of yet another "hold-up" by masked men on Wednesday.



STURDY TRIPLETS.—These three sturdy youngsters are the triplet sons of the well-known Army referee, Sergeant-Major High, of the Scots Guards. For seven-year-olds they play an excellent game.



SHIRLEY POPPIES.—Rev. W. Wilks, M.A., originator of the Shirley Poppy and secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society for thirty years, is now resigning. By his efforts the society has risen from bankruptcy to affluence.



FOUR-FOOTED ACTOR.—Rex Beach, the popular Fox film star, and his pet horse, which is an important member of the cast. The animal has been trained to perform a number of effective tricks which are introduced into the story.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY M. AYRES

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS. A young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, marries Jeffery Stafford, a strong, determined man, to whom

LAURIE ROSS. Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.

ALLISON LEE. Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford.

Meg, who has run away from her husband to Herne Bay, is induced to return. Jeffery, however, refuses to have anything further to do with her.

The thought of Anthony Willard's father then comes back to her.

A REQUEST FOR MONEY.

I HAD not yet answered the letter which I had received from Mr. Willard on my wedding day, but as soon as I was dressed I sat down and wrote to him.

I said nothing about my marriage, and I signed myself by my maiden name, asking if I might call and see him, or meet him somewhere, as we were giving up our home that day, and so far had not addressed a letter.

I asked him to write to me by return, and said that the letter would be forwarded to me whenever I wrote.

I suppose it was foolish, but I hoped great things from Anthony's letter. If he was anything like his son, I told myself that he would be kindness itself and understand the plight I was in.

I went out and posted the letter myself, and the knowledge that it had gone on its way was a great comfort to me.

I needed a friend badly, and I thought that perhaps I should find him in Mr. Willard.

I had lunch with Laurie, a pale, freckled Laurie with no appetite and a splitting headache. When I asked where he had been last night, more from a desire to make conversation than any real wish to know, he told me to mind my own business. He looked ill, so I bit back the sharp rejoinder that trembled on my lips and sat silently.

"What are you going to do to-day?" he asked in a singsong. "I mean, where are you going?" The auctioneer's men are coming in this afternoon, and I told them we should be out of the house."

"I can go to an hotel," I said faintly.

He looked up.

"What about Jeffery? Have you seen him this morning?"

"No."

"Why not?" my brother demanded. "I told you to go to him."

"I know you did, and I should have done, but—this came."

I gave him my husband's letter.

He read it through and flung it back to me. "That fin'sh it," he said with a harsh laugh. "A nice fool you've made of yourself; you must be out of your mind."

"You said all that last night," I interrupted. "And you need not be afraid that I'm going to be a burden to you. I can live by myself and be quite happy."

"Live by yourself! A girl like you!" he sneered. "What do you suppose people will say?"

"Nothing worse than they are saying now," I said bitterly, "and if they do I don't care."

"You care for nothing except yourself," he answered sharply.

It was a terrible instant; I had never believed him capable of saying such things to me, and my eyes swam with tears. But I made no answer, and pride kept me from showing him how bitterly hurt I was.

"With two thousand a year and Willard's money, you'll be a rich woman," he said after a moment. "You're always had all the luck, Meg."

He was inclined to be more friendly now, but I was not going to be won over so easily. "I don't know about luck," I said. "I don't think it's possible for anyone to be more unlucky than I am."

"With all that money!" he said cynically.

"You judge everything by money," I told him. He got up from the table, pushing his chair back roughly.

"It's the only thing in the world that counts," he answered.

He looked so bitterly unhappy that my heart melted, and I ran round to him, putting my arms round his neck.

"What are we quarrelling about?" I asked eagerly. "It's all so silly. We've got one another left still, and I love you better than anyone in the world; you know I do."

He submitted to be kissed, then disengaged my arms impatiently.

"We're not quarrelling," he said, with ill-concealed impatience. "You do imagine things so."

He went over to the fire, shivering.

"You'll have to fix up some place to go to-night," he said after a moment.

I turned to the door.

"You need not worry about me. I am quite capable of looking after myself," I said, quickly. He was going round and spoke my name.

"Meg!"

"Yes," I went back eagerly enough; I would have given anything to have been friends with him again, but all he said was:—

"Have you got ten pounds you can let me have? I'm broke."

THE MONEY IS FOUND.

THE eagerness faded from my heart.

"Oh, Laurie! Were you playing again last night?" I faltered.

He scowled at me.

"Well, what if I was! I've got my own life

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

to live. For the lord's sake, don't start preaching!"

"I wasn't going to," I said humbly. "Only it seems such a pity. You never know—"

"Well, can you lend me ten pounds?"

I shook my head.

"I haven't any—at least, only a few shillings upstairs. I lost my purse the other night, and . . ." I broke off, remembering that I still owed Leslie Stafford for my fare and night's lodgings.

"Well, I could say I could get some, though," I hastened to add. "I'll try, any way."

He went back to his crouching position over the fire.

"If you could make it twenty, I'd be glad," he said.

I went out of the room without answering. There was a little chill foreboding in my heart. Now Laurie had got this money coming from Jeffery, and Anthony, would he always be borrowing from me?

It was not that I grudged it to him in the least, but I think I felt instinctively that any pretence of affection he showed to me in the future would only be for what he hoped to get out of me.

I found Mary up in my room; she had been packing the few things I had taken from my box overnight.

"I've been wondering, m'am," she said diffidently as I entered, "if you would care to take me with you." Her eyes were eager. "You must have someone to look after you wherever you go," she added anxiously.

"But I haven't anywhere to go, Mary," I said forlornly, and now the tears did come to my eyes in earnest. "At least," I added, "unless I go to an hotel."

She broke out eagerly.

"There's my mother, m'am—if you wouldn't mind till you could settle to something else. It's only a little house out at Clapham, but it's clean—and she'd be only too glad."

"I should be only too glad, too," I said, and it was the truth. It was any port in a storm after all, and just for the time being, if I could look up and settle upon some definite plan, it seemed to me better to go away and live quietly, and be comparatively free of worry.

So Mary went off with my luggage and her own, and it was arranged that I should follow later in the evening.

It was one weight off my mind, and it only remained for me to get some money from somewhere. There was the only possible person to whom I could go, and that was Laurie. I took him, so I crept out when he had got quite dark and pawned the diamond ring he had given me.

I got £220 for it. Wealth it seemed to me in my chaotic condition, and I was almost happy as I ran back home to Laurie.

He had been asleep in the dining-room all day, as it was the only room with any pretence of comfort remaining, and he was cross and disagreeable when I woke him, until I told him I had got the money.

He sat up then, rubbing his eyes.

"Twenty pounds?" he asked as I put the notes into his hand.

"There's fifty there," I said constrainedly.

"Fifty?" He jumped up then and caught me round the waist. "Meg! You're a dear old girl," he said. "I'm sorry I'm such a ruffian to you."

"Oh, that's all right," I answered. I took his kissable hand and replied, "I'm going now. Mary's mother is going to let me have a room till I can look round and make some better arrangement. This is the address."

He took the envelope on which I had written it and thrust it into his pocket.

"I'm going myself soon," he said. He looked round the room and shivered. "I say, what a rotten ending, isn't it?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'm going to let me have a room till I can look round and make some better arrangement. This is the address."

He took the envelope on which I had written it and thrust it into his pocket.

"I'm going myself soon," he said. He looked round the room we had furnished with such pride and happiness. I and he and the last three years seemed like a dream.

Until that Christmas Eve I had thought myself the happiest girl in the world. It had seemed, after Anthony came, that I had nothing left to wish for, and now . . . I had nothing at all left.

Laurie saw me into the taxi and kissed me before he shut the door.

"Take care of yourself," he said, and I said, "Yes," and the next moment I was driving away alone.

THE TWO LETTERS.

THEY gave me a kindly welcome at Clapham. There was a fire in my room, and all the best furniture in the house had evidently been dragged up there for my special benefit.

Mary, in her cap and apron, was there to wait upon me, just as she had been at home, and my clothes were unpacked and neatly put away.

"It's more than I ever hoped for," I told her, when she tried to apologise for the plainness and simplicity of everything. "I'd much rather be here than in an hotel. I can't thank you enough."

I had left my address for letters to be forwarded, and in the following afternoon two came for me, sent from Kensington. Both were in strange writing, and I opened the first without much enthusiasm.

"Dear Miss Ross, I much regret to have to inform you that Mr. Barrington Willard died

very suddenly this morning of heart failure, and therefore your letter was given into my hands with others. He had told me about you, and the conditions of his late son's will, and as soon as it is possible to settle things I shall hope to have the pleasure of calling upon you. — J. S. STAFFORD.

Meg Ross.

I think it was one of the best blows I had received yet.

I had so looked forward to seeing Anthony's father, and now it was too late, I had been so sure of finding a friend in him, and now he was dead. It was another hope gone to the wall; another bitter disappointment added to the many.

The second letter was from Jeffery's solicitor, Mr. Simpson, enclosing a cheque for five hundred pounds at my husband's request, and informing me that my allowance of two thousand would be paid quarterly into any bank I chose to name.

I think that letter struck me as being more final even than my husband's had done. He would no longer even write to me himself; he had kept his word in every truth, and done with me.

I sat for a long time with those two letters on my lap. They were like a final break in a structure which I had vainly hoped to keep together. It was an end, but it was also a beginning, for I was forced now to think for myself and to act for myself.

Nobody cared what became of me; nobody took any further interest in my life. Very well then, I would buy some sort of place in the world for myself.

Mary would stay with me, I knew, so I made up my mind to take a flat somewhere in town and furnish it and make a fresh circle of friends.

Laurie had said I was too young to live alone. If only he had known how old I was in.

But now, for a change, I was in, and on the second day of search I found just what I wanted. I went home to Mary in glee, and she was almost as pleased as I was. I had told her something of my position by that time—how that my husband and I had agreed to separate, and that he was going abroad.

She indignantly blamed him, but, out of common fairness, I could not allow her to do so; so I told her that the fault was mine alone, and that he had behaved quite justly towards me.

She looked very sceptical—for which I was her—but she said no more, and his name was not mentioned between us again.

He was to sail in four days' time, and I wondered with a hope that was yet tinged with fear if he would make any attempt to see me before he left. It was such a tragic situation altogether. Surely he must be hating the thought of such a marriage as ours.

I hated it. I had written to Leslie Stafford and sent back the money he had paid out for me that never-to-be-forgotten night. I did not mention Jeffery to him or tell him what a disaster he had persuaded me to return.

He wrote by return of post. He had often thought about me, he said, and wondered if we should ever meet again.

"If you care about seeing me a line to my club at any time will bring me along; but I suppose Jeffery will be there," he said.

I laughed bitterly at that. Jeffery did not care at all what I did, or how bad he put it in that last letter?—did nothing to embarrass him, or prejudice my own position as his wife."

Possibly he would consider a friendship with Leslie as "embarrassing to him"—but, I did not greatly care whether he did or not.

It was a good day, though, and I was glad to be rid of him.

Life had turned its back cruelly against me. During the past month I had lost Anthony, I was separated from my husband, and even Laurie seemed estranged from me.

Half a dozen times I was on the point of writing to Leslie Stafford to come and see me, but something held me back, and although I would not acknowledge it to myself, it was the thought that perhaps even now Jeffery would report of his harshness and come to see me before he left.

Every time I went out I expected to find that he had called during my absence, and on that last day—the nineteenth—I am ashamed to confess that I stayed in the whole day.

But he never came—I suppose I was foolish to have expected that he would—and then, two days later, I saw in the society column of a weekly paper amongst the list of passengers who had sailed for America on the Laurentic the name of Jeffery Stafford.

Another fine instalment will appear tomorrow.

A MECHANICAL BUS PAINTER.

A new mechanical painter invented by one of the workmen in the omnibus factory in Caledonian-road is now in use there.

It does in two and a half minutes work that ordinarily takes two and a half hours. All new omnibuses coming on London streets will be painted in this way.

1,325 UNDEFENDED DIVORCE CASES.

The number of probate and divorce cases for the term commencing next Monday is 1,544. Of these, 1,325 are undefended divorce cases. The undefended petitions show a falling-off, as last term they numbered 1,769.

TO END CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES.

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can be successfully treated at home by an internal remedy that in many instances has effected a complete cure after all else has failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear a watch tick have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear.

Therefore, if you know someone who is troubled with head noises, catarrh, catarrhal deafness, or a bad catarrhal cough, cut out this formula and hand it to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer, perhaps, from total deafness.

The prescription can easily be prepared at home and is made as follows:—

From your chemist get 1 ounce of Parment (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of hot water and two ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonsful of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

Parment is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian tubes, and thus to equalise the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective. Nearly 90 per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh; therefore, there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this efficacious home treatment. (Advt.)

Cuticura Soap is Easy Shaving for Sensitive Skins.

The New Up-to-date Cuticura Method

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR

Important New British Invention
SEND FOR ONE
TO-DAY.
TRY IT AT HOME ON APPROVAL.

This is the wonderful little instrument invented by "The Barber in the Home" as it enables every man to cut his own hair at home and get rid of the trouble of visiting the Hairdresser. Mothers can cut their children's hair. It is used exactly as when combing the hair. No special skill is required. Every man's British Safety Haircutter is the only entirely practical machine to cut satisfactorily the shortest hairs in the shortest time.

The price is One Guinea, in case, with 6 extra blades. You can try it without charge or obligation to purchase at the shop. Send a postcard or a telegram giving your name and address for home trial on approval. Money back if not satisfied.

CALL OR WRITE TO-DAY.
Every man's British Safety Haircutter Co., Ltd.
Dept. M 2, 43, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

are received at the Offices of "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturdays, 10 to 1). General and Classified Advertisements, 2s. 6d. per line (minimum 2 lines, average 7 words to the line). Financial, Partnerships and Business, 7s. 6d. per line, minimum 2 lines.

SEASIDE AND COUNTRY APARTMENTS

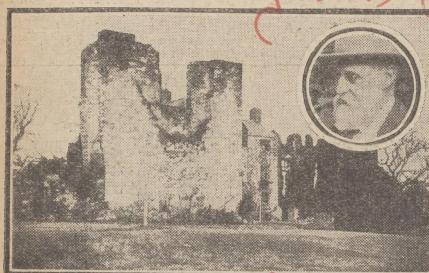
2s. 6d. line, minimum 2 lines. Advertisements if sent by post must be accompanied by POSTAL ORDERS CROSSED COUTTS & CO. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

Friday, January 9, 1920.

TWO PRIZE DRESSES



Miss Grant, in a dress fashioned from a silk parachute, and Major J. R. D. Shaw as an Australian Bushwhacker. Both made their own dresses and won prizes.



HISTORIC ABBEY.—The ruins of Leicester Abbey built in 1137, which has been presented to the city by Lord Dysart (inset). It was originally a monastery and was the scene of Cardinal Wolsey's death.



A DISAPPOINTMENT.—Viscount Astor, wearing morning coat, attended a luncheon given in his and his wife's honour by the Society of Architects yesterday, but Lady Astor, to everyone's regret, was unable to be present.

—STORES DIRECTORS ENTERTAIN THEIR STAFF.



The directors of the Army and Navy Stores, who entertained their staff to a carnival and Victory ball at the Albert Hall. Left to right, standing: Mr. Workman, Major the Hon. Francis Grosvenor, Brigadier-General Gascoyne, Colonel Burgoyne, M.P., and Captain Gascoyne. Seated, left to right: Rear-Admiral J. de Courcy Hamilton, M.V.O. (chairman), and Colonel Sir Wedlehouse Richardson, K.C.B.



Mrs. de Courcy Hamilton, wife of the chairman, presenting the first prize to Miss Evelyn Winter for the best home-made costume.

The staff of the Army and Navy Stores put business out of their heads and revelled in the joys of the dance. The directors must have been amply repaid for their hospitality by the enjoyment they provided. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

"May I have the pleasure," says a monkey to a Persian dancer.



THE LORD MAYOR'S GUESTS.—The photographs show Thomas Waterlow, son of Sir William Waterlow, claiming his dance with Rosebud and a pretty act of courtesy. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

